

Oregon Daily EMERALD

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The General Takes His Stand

"Truman would never draw crowds like this." That's what onlookers were saying in San Francisco this week when Gen. Douglas MacArthur arrived after his 14 years' absence from his fatherland.

"General MacArthur delivered an exceedingly able address. However, it definitely proved President Truman's case that (the general) so thoroughly disagreed with the foreign policy of the United States that his dismissal as commander in field was necessary."

That's what Oregon Senator Wayne Morse said after listening to MacArthur's address before a joint session of Congress Thursday.

Morse's keen observation summarizes in a nutshell what MacArthur said and did in his key speech. It was a sound presentation of the 71-year-old soldier-statesman's viewpoint on the situation in the Far East; he wants aggressive strategy. It pulled a few punches; the administration came in for its share of criticism. It gave conclusive evidence that the general and president were so far apart in their views that they would never be reconciled.

MacArthur's appeal to sentimentalism with his references to the "Old Soldier" ballad will probably capture the imaginations of the masses. But it is an appeal to sentimentalism, nevertheless.

The reaction of the San Francisco crowds was an expression—not of sentimentalism—but instead of plain enthusiasm.

The welcome extended him was colored little by political stripes. San Francisco felt it owed the soldier-statesman a real, full-blown greeting. Feelings concerning the Truman-MacArthur differences were somewhat secondary—one of the nation's greatest military geniuses had finally come back, the last World War II top-brass to make his return.

The president's name was frequently uttered in vain—again: "Truman would never draw crowds like this." Partly this was political by-play; mostly it was contagious enthusiasm for MacArthur, which found its sacrificial lamb in the chief executive. —T.K.

We Want Blood, Not Competition

The second Red Cross blood drive will be on the campus April 24 and 25. Campus response was good during the previous drive, but what about this time?

At the Northern Branch they are stirring incentive by proposing, "One Thousand Donors, Beat Oregon." Maybe some eager Beaver who would remain disinterested otherwise would be persuaded to give a pint (of blood) in the competitive spirit. But such an incentive is somewhat petty and a bit juvenile, we think.

The blood donated will go to Korea, where it will mean life to American soldiers. All right, so bring out the violins, but that's what it amounts to. There should be no necessity for conjuring pseudo-enthusiasm. The degree of its value and its need should be enough for students to respond without question.

Rumors fly constantly about organizations such as the Red Cross—like the perennial claim that it sells blood donated by such drives as these. To curb these rumors, the Lane County division checked such claims with the Korean section.

Such unusual cases have not occurred since the last war when black market activities cropped up, but were quickly eliminated by Active Red Cross units in Europe.

The Red Cross has many purposes. One of them is to solicit blood, whole and plasma, for troops in Korea. The average body contains between four and five quarts of blood, and biologists tell us that you can live a while without part of it, and it doesn't hurt a bit.

Unless your four or five quarts are polluted, you can donate it to the Red Cross.

So why not? If we're looking for incentive, we can have our donation buttons mounted.—J.P.

THE DAILY 'E' . . .
 to Director Robinson and the cast of "Finian's Rainbow" for deciding to give an extra performance of their most outstanding musical comedy. Those who missed tickets for the regular performances will be able to go Tuesday night.



Campus Critic

At End of the Rainbow A Beautiful Pot of Gold

By Don Smith

This evening in the Student Union "Our Town" will be shown; the film version of the Thornton Wilder Broadway success of 1938 has Martha Scott as one of the notables in the cast. This film was made when Miss Scott was a talented young actress; and her performance in the unusual drama of small-town life is very creditable. The picture will also be shown Sunday afternoon.

On the screens downtown today there is nothing of particular interest. Coming Sunday to

the silver screens are some films which have had a good quantity of advance publicity. "Up Front," based on Bill Mauldin's biting cartoon humor of the war, will come forward at the Heilig Sunday. Major criticism of this film has followed the line—Mauldin's humor depended on sharpness and the film has leveled too much. David Wayne, usually good for laughs, is involved.

"The Mudlark," with Irene Dunne as Queen Victoria, flies into the McDonald Sunday. Praise for this film has been generally high, commenting on the quality of the film, and the quality of Miss Dunne's performance.

Turning from the flickers to the stage—the University Theater has found a pot of gold in "Finian's Rainbow" which will break theater attendance records by the end of its run Tuesday. It appears, also, that many students have been plunking down their \$2 for tickets reluctantly, and wondering why the theater doesn't have a student rate.

First, let me explain that a major portion of Finian's is done by solo and choral singing and dancing, all accompanied by an orchestra.

The \$2 rate is, as you may know, twice the cost of regular theater productions; that's because a musical is much more costly to put on, royalty being three times that of a regular play. However, if you had purchased a season ticket for \$5 at the beginning of the year, you'd be paying no more for this production than for any other. In fact, it costs you and your date \$4 to see "Finian's." For another \$1 you could have bought a season ticket and been entitled to six admissions (to any of the plays, or all for one play). This may seem rather confusing to you, but if you finally figure it out you'll decide to reserve a season ticket for next year when they go on sale later this term; that is, of course, if you're going to be here next year.

Letters The Campus Answers

Tell Me, Unc Dudley
 Emerald Editor:

Gosh, Uncle Dudley sure did get a cute letter from little Jimmy. It was awful good.

But I'm so dumb I can't figure out whether maybe the general didn't really lick all the Japs by himself, or whether the president shouldn't have fired him, because he's right, because lots of folks—the ones who always talk the most—just know he's right, and besides, they love him an awful lot.

Maybe Jimmy would have been real puzzled if he'd been in Berlin back when millions of people were real excited and having parades for a man who had a mustache on his face.

But then maybe Uncle Dudley would have written back and explained to little Jimmy that all people over here are plumb different from those people. Why, those were the childish kind of people that just went around letting their feelings tell them what to do and think.

Why, they thought their whole race was smarter and nicer than all the other races. And then maybe Jimmy would see things in the same light as his Uncle Dudley. 'Course, maybe Uncle Dudley wouldn't write that kind of letter at all. I just don't know; like I say, I'm awful dumb about reading things.

Paul A. Norris

Our Fault, Not Yours
 Emerald Editor:

We would like to put in a protest on our receiving the Oregon Lemon Monday, April 16.

First of all, tickets were on sale in living organizations the week preceding the Vodvil. The sales were so poor that some houses that bothered to pick up their tickets, returned them intact.

Secondly there was a booth in the Co-op and Student Union Wednesday through Friday and another booth downtown at Miller's. The students could have purchased tickets, but they didn't. So actually they deserved to wait.

Also there has never been any more than two ticket windows open at the Vodvil and like all good Oregon students we just followed tradition and opened two. A third one was set up when the people started coming thick and fast. You seem to have overlooked that fact.

Vodvil Ticket Committee



Re: Hash

By Bob Funk

Following is a list of days in the week. It is for those who have always wondered which day any particular day was, and have never known anyone who knew.

Satter day. I satter round all day, and then went on a picnic (isn't this horrible!).

Sun day. Sun day I am going to have to study, but this isn't the day.

Monday. This isn't the day either.

Tooze day. The day Leslie Tooze does something that is written up on the front page of the Emerald. Some weeks she does something on some other days. In this case, however, all the news is held until Tooze day.

Wens day. You'll hear people saying "wen's the day (this is awful) we have our mid-term," or "wen's the day we're goin' to the show," or "wen's the day I pay my house bill." This is the day.

Fry day. This is the day the Pi Phi's and the Carson girls expose themselves to the sun. A good place to view fry day is from behind the third floor of the Student Union. It's harder to see the Pi Phi's.

Yesterday. The day before today, which is the day you put off doing everything until today. You'd better postpone everything until tomorrow, which isn't a day of the week at all. Not during spring term, anyway.

(Author's note: If you liked this column, maybe you'll feel more like yourself tomorrow.)

The Second Cup

A dedicatory word to that little known sun dial which stands near Johnson Hall:

Let others tell of storms and showers,

I'll only mark your sunny hours. (on sun dial at Pittsfield, Mass.)

The sun, centre sire of light,
 The keystone of the world-built arch of heaven. Bailey.

Let not the sun go down upon your wrath. Ephesians

It Could Be Oregon



"Your hair smells so lovely tonight, Flossy. I'll bet you just washed it, huh?"